

SAMARA

1951



"SUCCESS IS NAUGHT, ENDEAVOUR'S ALL"

—B. Graham

Leslie Bell Jackson
Judy Nesbitt Reid

SAMARA

JUNE, 1951



"SUCCESS IS NAUGHT; ENDEAVOUR'S ALL"

—Browning



ELMWOOD FROM THE GROUNDS



To All Elmwoodians, Past and Present

My Dear Girls,

It is now many years since I first became your Principal, and as the time draws near for me to say good-bye to Elmwood, I feel that I should write you a special message of farewell. Instead, I fear that this letter is going to be a collection of disjointed thoughts and reminiscences, because I find myself thinking back through the years of all the memories that we have shared, of all the happy times we have had here, and of all that we have tried to do together for Elmwood.

I wonder if those of you who knew me in 1920 ever suspected how full of trepidation I was at the big task I had undertaken. I was a very "raw" Head Mistress in those days and rather frightened of everybody, but I hope that I was at least clever enough not to let *you* know that. For one thing, I wished that I had been many inches taller so that I could look the part better. I recall particularly one occasion when the grandmother of one of you, whom I had not previously met, came to the school. As I went to

meet her with a welcoming hostess sort of smile, she looked down upon me and said somewhat austere,ly, "I should like to see the Principal, Mrs. Buck",—or words to that effect! I never felt more inadequate!

Well,—that was a long time ago. Since then I have learned to be less frightened of grandmothers—also of school girls. I still think, however, (I can give away this secret now) that it was your critical appraisal which required more living up to than anything else, and you have taught me much.

When I go from Elmwood there are so many things that I shall miss; most of all perhaps will be the Morning Assembly for prayers. I have never ceased to feel the peculiar thrill which facing you all gathered before me each morning gives. There always came to me, and I hope to you, a sense of renewal and strength from that service which brought us together to start the day with the worship of God. It will be one of my most lasting and precious memories.

My warm gratitude goes out to all of you in that long succession of girls who have made the walls of this place ring with your gay laughter and brought so much happiness into my life.

I want to thank all the many who have remembered me with a happy greeting year after year at Christmas, and at many other times. My great regret is that I was not able to write a note of thanks to each one of you, but I look forward to having much more leisure in the near future to do things which I have perforce omitted to do in the past. This I think might be a good place to say "hopefully" that my new address will be 99 Kenora Street, Ottawa. I trust that many of you will find your way there. I do not need to add how warmly you will be welcomed.

Before closing, there are a few special thoughts I should like to leave with you. One is that Canada's contribution to history will depend upon the loyalties and ideals of her people. It will depend largely upon what you and the generation to which you belong can contribute. What we give to life is the measure of what we shall get in return. I should ask you all, Old Girls and present girls alike, to keep ever in mind that the school is so much greater than any one or all of us. We who have taken a part in its fashioning can have no greater privilege than to continue to serve it in every way that lies within our power.

The true prizes of life are not material advantages, but honour, influence, and opportunities for usefulness with the power to be of service to others. I hope that your years at Elmwood will have set your feet on the path that will lead to the achievement of these things, and that you have found Elmwood, as I have, "a place rich and pleasant in companionship" where we have sought together for the things which are "true and lovely and of good report", where we have learned the beauty of service, fellowship, and fair play. May the seeds planted here come to a happy flowering in your lives.

Affectionately yours,

Edith B. Buck.

Tribute To Mrs. Buck

For the original Governors of the school it is very nearly impossible to consider Elmwood apart from Mrs. Buck, who has guided its destinies for so many years.

The young Miss Button first came to Elmwood in 1917 to teach in association with Mrs. Philpot, and when the founder, Mrs. Philpot, left for England in March, 1920, Mrs. Buck—who in the interval had married—assumed the position of acting head mistress. In September of the same year we were pleased to appoint Mrs. Buck head mistress, and have always felt that Providence guided the choice.

Mrs. Buck has watched the school grow from a very modest beginning to fill its present place in the community, and has given personal attention to the smallest detail. We have never ceased to marvel at the interest she has shown in each individual pupil, and the strong loyalty to the school which her girls show. We know that graduates will not easily forget the subjects studied with Mrs. Buck. Her special love is the teaching of history and scripture.

We were proud and gratified to learn that a former Elmwoodian, now a graduate of one of Canada's most noted universities, had declared that no history professor whose lectures she had attended had, in her estimation, excelled or even equalled Mrs. Buck.

In the early days of Elmwood Mrs. Buck also taught mathematics and here demonstrated the thoroughness which was her outstanding characteristic. To her academic qualifications Mrs. Buck added the administrative, and we have been amazed to discover her knowledge of all that concerned the every-day management of the school. She supervised carefully all departments, and showed her personal interest in the health and welfare of each and every one who had any part in the school life.

Mrs. Buck has earned the heartfelt gratitude of the Governors, who offer their best wishes for many years of a life of happiness and continued usefulness, which we know would be her desire. We extend our warmest thanks for the manner in which she has filled a position of great trust without thought of self and for the benefit of many.

ETHEL W. FAUQUIER
LILIAS SOUTHAM
CAIRINE R. WILSON

Editorial

THIS YEAR *Samara* is dedicated to Mrs. Buck as we say good-bye to her as the head of Elmwood. Present girls and staff think of her not only as a fair and competent head mistress, but as a woman to whom one can be genuinely and personally attached. Much as we regret losing the head mistress who has guided the School's affairs for so many years, we are happy to know that we shall still be able to see Mrs. Buck often at the new home she has chosen in Ottawa.

It is difficult to imagine Elmwood without Mrs. Buck's capable administration, her inspiring teaching, and her meticulous housekeeping: without the first, Elmwood as we know it to-day would probably never have existed; without the second, hundreds of Elmwoodians could not have had an excellent grounding in Biblical and general history such as Mrs. Buck can give; without the last, the floors of Elmwood's classrooms might have deteriorated under a multitude of ink spots!

In 1917, Mrs. Buck first came to Elmwood, little dreaming of the long and successful career she was to have here. Under her guidance, bit by bit the school has increased, aims have been achieved, and desires come true. Let us hope and pray that those who come after her may carry on in the tradition now established; that all Elmwoodians coming after us may realize truly that "Success is naught; endeavour's all!"

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The magazine Committee wish to thank most sincerely all those, both members of Elmwood and advertisers, who have made this magazine possible.



THE OLD GIRLS NOTES

The Old Girls Look Back

This year, rather than record our comings and goings and the variance of our paths, it seems more fitting that we should look again at our common memories of a school and a person that have influenced all of us who are known as Elmwood Old Girls.

Way back in the dark ages there was a funny little stucco and frame house in the wilds of Rockcliffe with the imposing title of "Rockcliffe Preparatory School." To this school with its handful of shining faces (both boys' and girls') came a Miss Edith Button. She did not intend that her sojourn would be a long one. She had come over from England originally for three months only, but being unable to obtain a passage back, decided to teach until such time as one was available. But the Fates were already conspiring to keep her with us, and when, a year later, in 1918, she was pursued across the Atlantic by Clement H. Buck, return seemed less imperative. In no time our Miss Button was Mrs. Buck—a bride who decided that she might as well continue teaching for a few years. Little did she dream what was in store for her when, in 1920, she reluctantly agreed to become head-mistress until a new one could be found!

At this time the little school was in rather desperate financial straits—in fact it was only the timely acquisition of whooping cough by two of the girls, which, by forcing the school to be closed and the closing tea to be cancelled, enabled them to end the year solvent. In 1919 Mrs. Edward Fauquier and Mrs. H. S. Southam had purchased the property for the school. In 1920

the Hon. Thomas Ahearn saved the school from complete collapse by purchasing all the equipment and presenting it to the school, when Mrs. Philpot, its founder, returned to England.

Mrs. Buck not only had to cope with the ticklish job of handling the budget but with a housing problem. The little house had taken on the appearance of the old woman's shoe with children spilling out at all corners; but, unlike the keeper of the shoe, Mrs. Buck *knew* what to do. Having thus proved herself invaluable, it was natural that the directors should forget to pursue their search for a new head-mistress.

With the influx of more and more pupils, two new deputies arrived to keep an eye on things—Tipple and Nealie—*les femmes terribles*, of the boarders and juniors. In 1923 an Assembly Hall was built; this was, in part, made possible by a generous gift from the Hon. Cairine Wilson; (indeed it was she who added to the necessity for such a hall by presenting the school with wands for wand drill only to discover that there was no room in the house able to accommodate more than two wand-waving girls abreast!) In 1924 "Rockcliffe Preparatory School" became "Elmwood" and boasted two boarders from Pembroke. In 1925 Mrs. Buck obtained the long awaited *Lebensraum* for her brood when the present school was erected. In this magnificent edifice, capable of housing twenty-five boarders, Mr. and Mrs. Buck and the boarders lived as one big family. It was not until 1932 that a separate house—dubbed Buckingham Palace—was built for Mr. and Mrs. Buck.

As the school kept "snowballing" in size and stature, boarders arrived from the Atlantic and Pacific coasts; in fact, we remember one memorable year when we were completely snowed under by new girls and the growing pains were acute. As always, Mrs. Buck's patience and wisdom predominated and civil war was averted.

Of everything that went on in this community, Mrs. Buck was a part; I think it is only when we are at some distance from the school that we come to realize this fully. For juniors she had a hazily recognized omnipotence; as we grew older we recognized more and more her guiding hand in every aspect of the School's life, until as seniors we watched with amazement her chameleon-like ability to be teacher, dietitian, financier, gracious hostess, imposing head-mistress, and authority on everything from Chinese art to furnaces! But it is only with the wisdom of our later years—perhaps as a result of trying to pack half as much activity into a day—that we fully comprehend and marvel at the immensity of her job.

But always for Mrs. Buck the girls were most important—that green maze in baggy tunics and baggier stockings. To the members of the maze at any time the group had its own peculiar identity; there were the "brains", the clowns, and most important, firm friends that were not left behind with schooldays. I wonder, though, if we every thought how many different identities Mrs. Buck had known! Not only did she know all our names and faces but our trials and tribulations, and our triumphs.

As she knew us all differently, so too, did we collectively see her as a different person at different levels of our career. To the juniors she was the V.I.P. to whom they brought their woes, and to the incorrigible intermediates one to whom frequent visits to her office were made with mixed feelings. (What an everlasting enigma are those years between the spontaneous warmth of a child who runs to greet you with open arms and that half-embarrassed response on the face of a girl that shows she's pleased and interested!) It was to the seniors that she was really a friend. It was then that we learned from her the fascination of history (a fascination

which, not too incidentally, took the form of Firsts on the Matric exams), and an appreciation of all the details in the world around us. It was only as seniors that our painstakingly acquired manners became habits, much to the chagrin of Mrs. Buck, when, on one memorable occasion an entire auditorium (almost) rose in accord with two rows of Elmwoodians who had risen in a body at Mrs. Buck's arrival. It was only as seniors that we could laugh over her admitted musical failings and hear her say, "Do I look all right?" as she went in to prayers in the morning. It was then that we came to know her as a person and to love her.

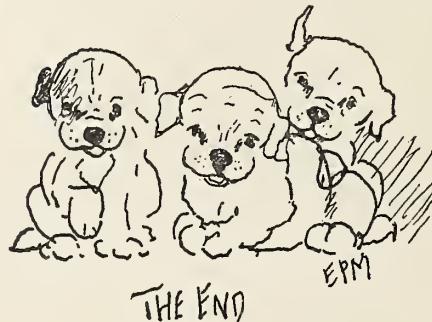
Now we must say goodbye to one whose name has become synonymous with that of Elmwood. As she has largely made the tradition that is Elmwood—has been in a way the common denominator of the school—she will always be part of it. We wish her all the happiness in the world in her new life of well deserved rest and say with all our hearts "Thank you, Edi B."

E.O.G.A. Activities

Mlle. Juge—The Old Girls bade a sad adieu to Mlle. Juge last June when she returned to her beloved France. At a tea we presented her with a sterling silver gravy boat and tray, a Sheffield tray and a nylon nightgown. She seemed delighted with her gifts and assured us that they would be most useful in setting up her new home in France.

The Old Girls'—Present Girls' Basketball Game—On March 5 we played our annual Basketball game against the School. A score of 11-10 for the School proved that there was life in the old gals yet!

The Bazaar—December 8, the school held a bazaar for Save the Children Fund. Mrs. Buck invited the Old Girls' Association to participate. A telephone group was formed, to solicit home cooking, knitting, sewing, and white elephants. The results were most gratifying and \$90.00 was realized by the table.



House Seniors



Suzette DeWolf:

"She was good as she was fair"

Shoo left us two years ago for Victoria, B.C., but returned in the fall to find herself monitor, and then, before long, rose to the exalted rank of House Senior. Her chief characteristic is her light brown hair, since we question how much sleep, the necessary pin-curls allow our fair haired colleague. Next in importance is the time she spends on retrieving library books from ardent book-worms, while her leisure hours are spent at the movies or listening to Rachmaninoff's concertos, and taking her two dogs for walks in the evening.

Shoo is a keen tennis player, as well as scoring ten points in the basketball game with Hatfield. She is known for mumbling to herself trying to figure out the binomial theorem and analytical geometry. Shoo appreciates those who make her giggle, and Elmwood would be sadly different without it, but she will be back next year completing her Senior Matric.



Leslie Ann Jackson:

"Speak little, speak well"

Leslie "Bell", this year's popular head of Nightingale diligently worked her way through monitorship and earned her well-deserved House Senior pin in November. "Bell", as she is called by her pals, was given the tough job of looking after pound this year; she has capably succeeded in keeping it under control and her favourite pastime is seeing how many articles, lost or otherwise, she can pick up draining mostly juniors and intermediates of all their pennies, not to mention the seniors. Les was another performer in the Ashbury-Elmwood play and in the role of Mrs. Alloway could not have played better. One of her many accomplishments is her steadiness in playing badminton. Her persistence, if not heard, is felt throughout the corridors of the school and next year when Leslie returns for her eleventh and final year, to complete her senior matric, we all wish her the best of success. Till next year, "Bell"!



Wendy Quain:

*"For e'en though vanquished
She could argue still"*

Commonly known as "Windo" or "Little (?) Quain" around the senior school, Wendy is our famed Latin student. We claim that she is a direct descendant of Virgil. At noon and break this conscientious House Senior can usually be found hustling elusive juniors outside to get their required amount of fresh air, and that, we assure you, is *quite* a job, which Wendy executes with great ease. Her favourite song (oddly enough) is "When the Red Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along"; she is our badminton champ—not to mention being a super-skier and tennis player. Although at all times she is calm, cool and collected, "Windo" will very easily blush a deep rose at the mention of certain subjects (and we don't mean school subjects!)

Elmwood hopes to see Wendy back next year capably completing her Senior Matric.

Hi!
You've done a
real grand job this
year - best of luck next
year - "Bell" - Love Judy

Head Girl and Prefects

Judy Maclaren:

"O thou who hast the fatal gift of duty"

Our brown haired industrious head girl hails from the thriving metropolis of Brockville. Better known as Maxie, Judy has been at Elmwood for eight years, and returned for her ninth to find herself awarded the position of head-girl. Her duties range from discarding our two deceased goldfish (Summa and Summarum) to dealing out weekly pocket money to bankrupt boarders. Patiently each day she has looked after the dinner register, which is a real job; but our Max accomplishes it with great competence.

Maxie, a crack skater, assisted B. A. Scott in opening the new Brockville Memorial Civic Centre this March.

Her main pet aversion is untidiness, but this is counteracted by ice-cream (peppermint) eating in general, "Be my Love", Mario Lanza style, and the terminating bell of her chemistry periods. It might also be added that Judy finds enough time to be one of the most energetic consumers of Prefects' teas.

In June when Judy leaves, Elmwood will lose a most valuable head-girl! Judy plans to take a course at Sargent in Cambridge, Mass. All our love and best wishes go with you, Judy!



Patsy Knowlton:

*"That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell."*

As assistant head-girl and head of Keller, Noli (as she is appropriately nick-named) is well known for her competence and thoroughness. Her go-getting energy in school work and and sports alike put many of us lesser mortals to shameful embarrassment. Even while directing the sometimes resisting girls to their respective seats at lunch, Noli continually keeps a genial and friendly smile on her face. We picture Pat in later years with at least six children, as the juniors always seem to be clamouring about her!

Since she is one of the school's most accomplished pianists in popular music, she is frequently found entertaining a group of attentive girls with tunes such as "Whispering" and "Ain't Misbehavin". As Lady Elizabeth Pennybroke in the Ashbury-Elmwood play, Patsy did justice to one of the best character parts in the play.

Besides being a valuable guard on the school basketball team, Noli teamed up with Wendy Quain to win the school badminton doubles.

Patsy will again be returning to Elmwood next September and we know that she will be as great (if not greater) an asset next year as she has been this!



Diane Boyd:

"Skilled she is in sports and pastimes"

In September Di was made House Senior and shortly afterwards earned her Prefect's pin and was also chosen as Sports Captain for the second consecutive year. We all immensely enjoyed her performance in the title role of *Eliza Comes to Stay*, the Ashbury-Elmwood play.

"Can I sit here?" and "I want to sit next to my sister", are two familiar phrases which Di hears every morning while lining up the Juniors just before assembly.

Her weaknesses are Rachmaninoff's concerto, football games, tennis and movies. Dislikes include liver, pickled beets and studying.

Di is an accomplished basketball player as well as putting a great many of us to shame when it comes to gymnastics. She is not sure what she is going to do next year, as her plans are undecided. But whatever it is, we wish you the best of success, Di!



House Seniors



Diana Fraser:

"All the world's a stage"

Popular head of Fry, "Bobo" was recently promoted to the rank of House Senior. She is our favourite source of entertainment which includes a tap dance now and then and excerpts from her role as the affected Vera in *Eliza Comes to Stay*. There is never a dull moment when Di is amongst us; she maintains that there is no place like the "Burg" but would prefer to dwell indefinitely in Ottawa. "Bobo" is a top swimmer and racing champ of Brockville and surrounding towns.

Her weaknesses are dances (as long as they're in Ottawa), long nails, Chinese meals, and music. Pet aversions include *any* type of work, egoists, and people without senses of humour.

Di's plans for next year are as yet undecided but her hopes are to return to Elmwood.

Norma Baird:

"It is a woman's privilege to change her mind"

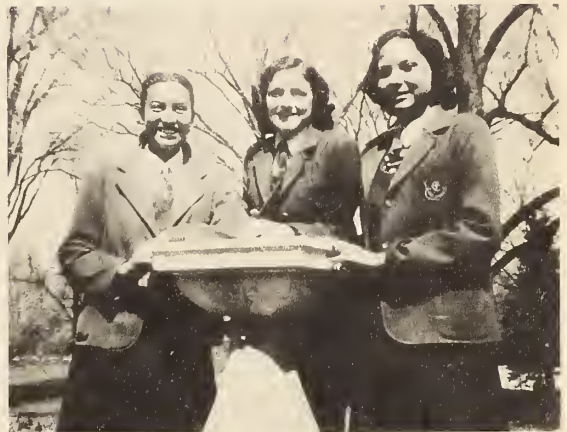
As assistant head boarder, "Baird" as everyone calls her, can be seen every Sunday morning before church reading to the juniors. She was very recently promoted to the exalted rank of House Senior, and is also one of the school's top debaters.

Norma looks forward to her double chemistry periods on Tuesday afternoons with an enthusiasm we find unusual in the senior school! Many spare minutes of this industrious gal's time are spent playing baseball, her favourite sport. She also likes food and clothes, and enjoys studying the geography of Mexico. Staying in, uniforms, and show-offs are a few of Norma's aversions. We have narrowed Norma's future destiny down to two things: a nurse or a Mexican Hat Dancer; only time will tell!

Next year will find Norma at the Civic Hospital, taking a nurse's course. Good luck!

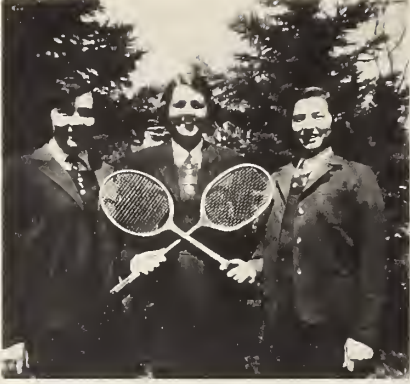


MONITORS—CATHERINE PRUDHAM, SHELAGH MACOUN



SPECIAL STUDENTS

Fry House



SENIOR BADMINTON TEAM



JUNIOR BADMINTON TEAM



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Fry House Notes

SEPTEMBER found Fry's empty ranks filled by intermediates but they have proved that they are worthy to fill the places left by the Fryites we lost last June.

We followed the Fry tradition by including everyone in our house play, *The Wonderful Tourist*, which walked off with top honours in the annual competition. Although failing to come first in the house collections, we managed to tie for second with Nightingale. We also stand second in respect to house stars, but we are hoping for the best come June.

Fry has not been very lucky in sports but it is not the fault of our able sports captain, Judy Maclaren. The tennis has not yet been played so—good luck, Fry!

House Members

Head of House—Diana Fraser.

Head Girl—Judy Maclaren.

Sports Captain—Judy Maclaren.

Staff

Miss Dixon, Miss Leonard, Miss Flemington, Mrs. English.

House

Eleanor Bates, Susan Brain, Beverley Brown, Janet Chapman, Jill Edwards, Judy Kellock, Olga Kingsmill, Marianne Lovink, Jacqueline Nadal, Terry Paes, Nancy Perry, Janet Lawson, Louise Reinderhoff, Lambie Steven, Sally Wright.

Senior Basketball

Centre forward: Judy Maclaren. Forwards: Eleanor Bates, Sally Wright. Centre guard: Janet Lawson. Guards: Diana Fraser, Janet Chapman.

Junior Basketball

Centre forward: Nancy Perry. Forwards: Terry Paes, Judy Kellock. Centre guard: Lambie Steven. Guards: Beverley Brown, Olga Kingsmill.

Senior Badminton

Singles: Judy Maclaren. Doubles: Diana Fraser, Jill Edward.

Junior Badminton

Singles: Sally Wright. Doubles: Janet Chapman, Nancy Perry.

Keller House Notes

IN 1950 the House Shield was awarded to Keller for the first time in seven years.

This year we hope to maintain that standard. In September we welcomed Madame Krupka, Mrs. Meiklejohn, Miss Flemington and one new girl all of whom soon became ardent members of the House, along with the rest of us.

At Christmas, renewing the Elmwood tradition, Keller produced the play *The Quilting Bee at Bascomb's*, in which we managed to tie second with Nightingale. The House collectors, and Senior and Junior Basketball, put up a good fight to retain first

place. The badminton matches have not been played, but Keller hopes to do well. We were proud to have five members on the school basketball team, which returned victorious after playing Hatfield Hall.

As head of Keller House, I should like to thank the members from the bottom of my heart, for their readiness to live up to their House motto *Fair Play* as well as that of the school.

House members this year are:

Prefect, Head of House—Patsy Knowlton.

Prefect, Sports Captain of School, and House
—Diane Boyd.

House Seniors—Suzette DeWolf and Wendy Quain.

Monitor—Shelagh Macoun.

Joan Campbell, Olga Castillo, Joan Fagan, Felicity Giles, Wendy Gilchrist, Patricia Heney, Sheila McCormick, Sarita Setton, Shirley Thomas, Elizabeth Wijkman, Jennifer Woollcombe.

Staff members are: Miss Adams, Mrs. Berzins, Mrs. Meiklejohn, Madame Krupka, Miss Flemington, and Mr. McTavish.

Senior Basketball

Forwards: Diane Boyd, Suzette De Wolf,

Shelagh Macoun. Guards: Wendy Quain, Patsy Knowlton, Olga Castillo.

Junior Basketball

Forwards: Jennifer Woollcombe, Sarita Setton, Joan Fagan. Guards: Shirley Thomas, Wendy Gilchrist, Sheila McCormick.

Senior Badminton

Singles: Wendy Quain. Doubles: Patsy Knowlton, Diane Boyd.

Junior Basketball

Singles: Sarita Setton. Doubles: Jennifer Woollcombe, Sheila McCormick.

Nightingale House Notes

WE welcomed three new girls to our ranks in September: Marie José Nadal, Joan Maynard, and Caroline Grant; later, in January, also Catherine Prudham, who rose quickly to the office of monitor.

We have not been doing too badly this year, as our senior and junior teams came second in the basketball, and tied Keller for the same position in the House Collections, (thanks to our industrious handicraft makers and old book collectors).

At the resuming of the old custom of House Plays, our dramatic society threw themselves into the work of making sets and learning parts, and turned out a very good performance of the play *It was a Lovely Meeting*, by Sophie Kerr, all giving splendid characterization of their different parts.

Members of the House

Leslie Anne Jackson, House Head; Norma Baird, House Senior; Catherine Prudham

Monitor; Margaret Boehm, Sports Captain; Roberta Bradshaw, Margaret Cameron, Jo-Ann Davis, Caroline Grant, Eleanor Hamer, Catherine Hees, Marilyn Jeckell, Joan Maynard, Sandra McKee, Marie José Nadal, Frances Schulman, Virginia Shurley.

Senior Basketball

Forwards: Norma Baird, Joan Maynard, Margaret Boehm. Guards: Leslie Jackson, Margaret Cameron, Frances Schulman.

Junior Basketball

Forwards: Caroline Grant, Jo-Ann Davis, Eleanor Hamer. Guards: Sandra McKee, Catherine Hees, Marilyn Jeckell.

Senior Badminton

Singles: Leslie Anne Jackson. Doubles: Margaret Boehm, Frances Schulman.

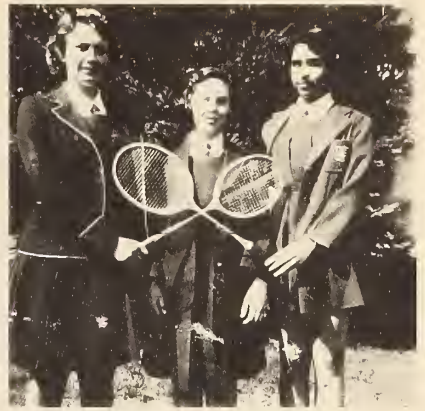
Junior Badminton

Singles: Eleanor Hamer. Doubles: Jo-Ann Davis, Joan Maynard.

Keller House



SENIOR BADMINTON TEAM



JUNIOR BADMINTON TEAM

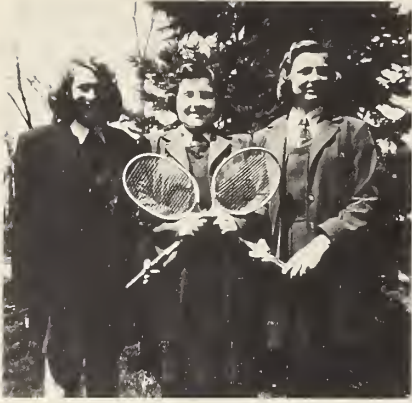


SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Nightingale House



SENIOR BADMINTON TEAM



JUNIOR BADMINTON TEAM



Virginia



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Form Notes

VA

At the beginning of the first term VA was a little smaller than it had been as VB but somewhat louder. This term was quite uneventful for us. Catherine Hees was still taking ballet, playing the hymns in prayers, talking politics and losing her clothes. Margaret Boehm and Frances Schulman were the pianists; Margaret was also Nightingale Sports Captain.

In December Louise Reinderhoff of Holland joined our group and commenced giving Dutch lessons to us. She was followed in January by Catherine Prudham, from Edmonton, who has just been made a monitor after being at Elmwood for a little over two months. She is the only one in the class who can talk politics with Catherine Hees. Catherine came just in time for Janet Lawson who was getting a stiff neck from looking down on us (because of her height). Janet also gives us performances of excerpts from *Swan Lake* and the mad scene from *Giselle*; she is imitated by Shelagh Macoun, the new monitor, and tennis champ and artist of the class.

Margaret Cameron, our opera singer, hails from Smiths Falls. She leads the choir each Friday in prayers with her strong soprano voice. Competing against Margaret's vocal chords is Felicity Giles singing her cowboy songs. Felicity who spent her summer at Trois Pistoles is now heading our French class.

Last but not least is Jill Edward who came to us in March from Sudbury. Jill is the Rubinstein (Arthur not Helena) of the class although she has not yet performed for us.

Throughout the year Miss Adams has been our competent form Mistress.

VB

In September when we returned after the summer holidays we found our numbers depleted to a scant five, Jo-Anne Davis, Marianne Lovink, Sandra McKee, Eliza-

beth Wijkman, and Jennifer Woolcombe. Marianne, the only new girl, is from Holland and, on her arrival, her knowledge of English was very limited. Now, in the middle of April, she can hold her own with anyone and speak as fluently and quickly as any of us. (Not always does she use her acquired knowledge at the right time!)

This year we have been very fortunate in having Miss Dixon as our form mistress. She has told us in weak moments that she would like to resume this position next year. If it is possible we would also consider this a pleasure.

There is little to report concerning any sports highlights that we have made as we seem to be lacking an outstanding athlete. All of us were on the house basketball teams and Jo-Anne and Jennifer were on the badminton teams.

Debating was the main inter-form activity this year, debates being held between all the high school forms. Sandra, Elizabeth and Jennifer were the form representatives in a debate against 5C which we won. That got us into the finals with 6 Matric, in which we were judged winners by a very narrow margin.

The form officers were as follows:

1st Term—Form Captain: Jennifer Woolcombe; Vice Form Captain: Sandra McKee.

2nd Term—Form Captain: Jo-Anne Davis; Vice Form Captain: Sandra McKee.

We have occupied the little classroom at the top of the stairs, and have had many good times with our "big five" in 1950-1951.

VC

Time: 8.45 Bell (11th hour)

Place: VC H.Q. Battlefront

C.O.: Major-General M. Leonard

Four young privates, Kingsmill, Campbell, Maynard and McCormick are busy cleaning their finger nails in preparation for the rigid morning inspection. 2nd-in-command Jeckell

hurries in, glances at the clock, and collapses on the desk. The privates respectfully remain seated.

Lieutenants Steven, Shurly and Fagan trot happily in, rapturously hugging a crumpled piece of paper, a picture of Lawrence Olivier. It's infectious—until the General stalks in. All snap to attention, then lapse into pulling up their stockings.

The General regards its watch and announces, "In one minute ten of this battalion are late."—The clock is covertly set back one minute.

Suddenly there is a slight tremor and a rumble is heard! Ten of the battalion are arriving in no uncertain terms. Lance Corporal Bradshaw, because of size etc. arrives on the scene first. She mutters to the General and folds herself neatly into the back seat, closely followed by the Ashbury mascot, Gunner Perry. With true aim Perry pitches sundry articles into the desk and collapses into a chair.

Heavy buckled Captain Chapman, nose in a long book, shuffles in and lowers herself into her groaning chair. This specimen is tailed by two other birds of the same feather, Corporals Gilchrist and Setton. Both are heatedly discussing their diets; Setton's in case she ever meets Tyrone Power and Gilchrist's in case she ever grows back into her gym shorts.

Self appointed M.P. Sergeant Heeney swings in, humming a mixture of "Tennessee Waltz" and "If".

Suddenly "And did you know?" floats through the open door. "Well! Really!" follows on its heels and Privates Bates and Paes saunter in, tearing apart some unfortunate victim.

It's a bird—it's a plane—suddenly the light dawns. It's the Rear-Guards, Thomas and Hamer, plus the baseball bat, stamp collection, and tennis racquet. The race is a dead heat and the General barks, "Battalion Present" as the 8.50 bell begins its tinny serenade.

4A

Bev is our form captain;
Susan is our Brain
Judy is the dictionary;
And Callie's here again;
While to help our ranks to fill,
Spring brought back our Maggie Gill;
Sally's the one who supplies the mess;
Miss Jessop is our form Mistress.
We always supply the fun
For the forms two in one.

Upper 4B

The time is 12.05 and the Upper 4B's happen to have a study period. All of these eight girls, I should hope, are glad to be sharing a class room with the 4A's. Four of them are at ballet. Karla Krug, Andrea Rowley, whose prize possession is a new pair of glasses, Janet McIlraith, who is knee high to a grasshopper, and Marianne Merry are our ballet stars. The latter of these four, is known to eat toast by the peck, but unfortunately she never seems to get any fatter. Cicely (Cis) Dunn is industriously slaving over her math. Math comes quite easily to her as she got 100 in her math exam; ditto for spelling. Cicely was form vice captain for the first team. Susan Hislop is our New Zealander and she finds French almost impossible to learn. Susan is our form vice captain this year. She is furiously passing notes and giggling to Vicky Brain. Unfortunately they sit rather close together. Vicky has a book concerning nearly every subject on her desk, but which is which she doesn't know. Last of all there is Peggy Baker. She is a good worker but it is impossible to hear her when she talks. "I can't hear you", is always popped at her.

They have had about three form teas with the 4A's which they should have enjoyed. Upper 4B is quite an industrious class when it wants to be but for the exception of a couple of people sometimes—not mentioning names! The class almost always succeeds in being the noisiest, if not, I must say the wildest.

Lower IVB and IVC

First of all I should like to introduce our form mistress, Mrs. Berzins, who has given us a very pleasant year as well as helped us with our work. There are two boarders in our class, Lilius Ahearn, who is very interested in special art and ballet, and Sally Douglas who is very artistic and does well at gym. Christina Wijkman has come from Sweden and Jana Stepan comes from Czechoslovakia and we are very glad to have them here. Susannah Clarke and Sandra Graham are both stamp collectors. Lynn Castonguay is a very good artist. Jean Garvock is very quiet and does her work well. Rosemary Findlay was the lucky one and went to Bermuda for Easter. Lauretta Landymore gets very high marks in arithmetic and we all wish that we could do the same. Frances Cabeldu, who came to Elmwood in October, not only gets good marks but is fun-loving as well. She became captain of her form when Michal Crawley left at Easter.

Miss Shand's Class (1A, II and III)

Whose form room is this? What an attractive place! We are invited in. Bright pictures on the wall, wonderful scientific collections on a table, and twigs gaily growing in a jar of water! Miss Shand and eight girls are happily occupied—and here comes the ninth: Louise Hayley is a fine officer, and has been

checking the cloakroom. A spelling lesson is in progress, and we notice that this is where Ann Gilbert shines. All the class seem to be doing very fine work generally, and we learn that some of the girls have special interests: Helena Wijkman is a fine pianist, and won a prize in the music festival; Effie Malamaki is the ballet dancer; Jane MacTavish and Wendy Blackburn paint well; Laragh Neelin is developing a talent for writing stories; Susan Southam is a star at gym and games; Judy Toller is good at just everything.

The bell rings, and we have to go to another and much duller class. Thank you for a very interesting time!

Miss Flemington's Class (I and Transition)

Who are the girls in the front row in morning prayers? Almost everyone knows by now that the three "big" girls are Shane Spanner, Susan Tovell, and "Busy" Garvock; that the youngest of the group are Sarah Garvock and Jill Castonguay; that it is Georgia Gale who turns around to smile so engagingly while Miss Flemington frowns severely; and that the other four are Margot Toller, Sheila MacTavish, Julie Newsome and Rita Browning.

Compared with the ten little girls who appeared in prayers for the first time last September, Forms I and Transition now appear quite grown-up Elmwoodians.





School Notes

Dramatics

DRAMATICS this year under the able supervision of Mrs. Meiklejohn have progressed rapidly with the junior plays and once again the senior play.

The house plays which were missed by all of us last year were put on in December, after the determined and persistent house-heads had kept us after school and Saturday mornings for much needed and later appreciated rehearsals. The winner this year was Fry with *The Wonderful Tourist*, a well staged and talented piece of work. Especially worth mentioning were the jungle scenery and animal costumes. It was repeated the week after at the bazaar for others to enjoy as much as we did. Keller's comedy, *The Quilting Bee at Bascombe's*, and Nightingale's *It was a Lovely Meeting*, tied for second place. Outstanding in the plays were Janet Chapman and Susie Brain as the wonderful tourist and his wife; Jennifer Woollcombe, as the slightly erratic *Aunt Abigail* and Shelagh Macoun in the difficult role of *Alonzo Allen* both in the *Quilting Bee*; Bobby Bradshaw, who played the oldest member at the *Lovely Meeting*, and Jo-Anne Davis as the timid chairman.

The play which annually creates the greatest excitement and interest is the Ashbury-Elmwood play under the direction of Mr. Belcher. The Little Theatre was packed and ushers were kept busy, showing over four

hundred spectators to their seats. This year *Eliza Comes to Stay* was presented, a three act comedy about a young bachelor who suddenly finds himself the guardian of an old friend's daughter, excellently portrayed by Diane Boyd who had the difficult job of playing a plain and awkward *Eliza* in the first two acts, but an attractive and sophisticated girl in the last act. The prim and snobbish *Lady Pennybrook* who talked in an extremely affected tone of voice, which was well maintained throughout the play, was aptly played by Pat Knowlton. Diana Fraser as the flashy and sophisticated actress-financée of the Hon. Sandy Verrell displayed unusual talent in a comedy role. As the firm and disapproving nurse, Leslie Anne Jackson played a small part with ability and conviction. The male roles were enacted exceptionally well with John Fraser and William Grimsdale outstanding. *Eliza Comes to Stay* was considered among the best performances ever put on by the Ashbury-Elmwood Dramatic Society.

The seniors presented five scenes from Housman's *Victoria Regina*, "Strained Relations", "The Rose and the Thorn", "Under Fire", "A Woman Proposes", and "Six O'clock Call", to an enthusiastic audience on April 27. Several of the roles were divided to give everyone a chance to display her talent. Diane Boyd, Leslie Anne Jackson, Catherine Hees, and Pat Knowlton were among the best actresses.



HEADS
OF THE
HOUSES

MAGAZINE
COMMITTEE



SCHOOL
BASKETBALL
TEAM



CAST OF ASHBURY-ELMWOOD PLAY, *"Eliza Comes to Stay"*



CAST OF SENIOR PLAY, *"Victoria Regina"*

Ballet

The two visits of the Sadler's Wells have inspired many budding Elmwood Fonteyns. Maybe the fame is not there, but the enthusiasm leaves little to be desired. Under the long distance direction of Mrs. Dailley (from Kingston) and the teaching of Erna Pilupe the classes are progressing. Leaders in this movement are Janet Lawson, Sheila McCormick and Catherine Hees.

At the bazaar an excerpt from *Les Sylphides* was performed. In May, the annual performance was given, which was colourful and featured several promising soloists.

The Hallowe'en Party

The most evil of nights was celebrated at Elmwood on a Friday night instead of a Tuesday so as to enable the ghosts and witches to stay out later to terrify the world, and sleep in the next morning.

The "Grand March" was led by an extremely ferocious dragon, whose feet mysteriously resembled those of the staff, who were singing his praises from inside his stomach. Miss "Typical Elmwoodian" Jessop very bravely donned the royal Elmwood robes and recited a humorous but pointed poem.

At the witching hour of eight o'clock, two fugitives from Mrs. Graham's anatomy class, disguised as ghosts, passed bits of John Smith's body to a ring of people, seated in black darkness. After this gruelling display, we all switched to a lighter vein by playing "musical bumps" to the piano playing of Pat Knowlton.

About eight-thirty everyone doffed her costume to eat heartily while some paid visits to a mysterious fortune-teller whose identity was known to few. Next on the list was a radio skit, complete with "Twenty Questions", by VA, and a sing-song by VI Upper and VI Matric, while Di Fraser and Norma Baird tap-danced.

The evening ended with the presentation of prizes by Mrs. Buck, to the winners, among whom the most noted were Jennifer Woollcombe as Anne Boleyn; Diane Boyd, Leslie Jackson, Wendy Gilchrist and Suzette DeWolf as the four seasons; and Susanna Clarke as a ballerina.

House Collections

Three beautiful arrays of house collections brightened up three classrooms this year instead of one, as the year before. Everyone agreed with the judges Mrs. Frances Gill and Mrs. Buck, when Keller was picked as the winner, not only for its large collection of articles, old clothes and books, but also for the ingenious arrangement as the Caledonian Marketplace, with cardboard wheels to make the tables look like carts. Nightingale was judged second with a very artistically arranged collection. A close third was Fry, which displayed a great number of handicrafts.

The collections were later packed and sent to various charities. We were much pleased to hear a short time ago that the boxes sent to Miss Chappel in Japan had arrived safely.

The Bazaar

As I sat at the entrance, there was suddenly a host of people crowding in through the door, and I could hear them drop their money in the big, round, silver bowl on the entrance table. Then one lady came close enough for me to get on to the feather of her hat and I went merrily with her to the hall to see the plays and ballet which took place before the Bazaar. When she came back into the entrance hall, I got off and crawled along a little farther and found to my surprise the most gorgeous turkey, blanket, apples, ham, doll and a smart overnight bag, which I supposed were to be raffled. Then a rude little boy came and flicked me off the table just before I was going to have a bite at the turkey. Then to my amazement I heard a lady say "Who painted this beautiful turkey?" so then I knew it wasn't really real. As I crawled disappointedly away to the other side, I passed by a small room where a group of people had collected to buy books and stamps, but I didn't bother, but went to see the White Elephant table where there were

many things displayed for purchase. I thought to myself, I had better scurry if I wanted to see the rest as more and more people were coming in and I was sure they wouldn't look for an ant, so I finally got up on the wall and made my way down a long corridor to the assembly hall. There's where the noise was coming from, because there were lots of small children playing games and racing around and I was very nearly stepped on as I made an approach to cross to the ice cream and candy table.

Just as I was crawling onto a cup of ice cream and resting there comfortably I was aware of being carried right back through all the crowd and landed on a table of lovely soft pink, white and blue knitted articles. Again there was a lot of noise, this time coming from the tea room which I managed to see on my way in; it was across the hall. However, I just crawled off my perch and nestled into a small bonnet to sleep.

As I woke up the next morning to find myself and the bonnet in a cardboard box, I overheard an excited voice saying, "We have made nearly \$900 to send to the Save the Children Fund!"

FRANCES SCHULMAN, VA

Nightingale

Dance

After weeks of detailed discussions and enthusiastic planning, the long awaited day at last arrived, February 2, the Elmwood Formal.

The afternoon was spent in frantically decorating the bare gym which, after much tangling of streamers, thumb-tack casualties, and lack of Scotch tape, was transformed into a Valentine Paradise. The assistance of Mrs. D. MacTavish and Mrs. F. Gill was gratefully received by worried but excited officers who had wondered soulfully how they were going to manage by themselves.

At nine o'clock the boarding-house had quieted down and first arrivals were peeked at from behind the bannisters by pyjama-clad juniors. Mrs. Graham, Miss Shand, Judy Maclaren and her escort received the guests, who, from there, entered the dimly-lighted, beautifully decorated gym and danced to the strains of Frank Marchington's orchestra. During the evening, much to everyone's delight, excellent refreshments were served.

All too short an evening was brought to a close at 1 o'clock by the National Anthem, while once fresh corsages hung withered and limp, once shining eyes were dimmed, and a tired but happy crowd left the school to talk about the evening for days to come.



We wish to express our gratitude to the various students who have played the morning hymns this year. Catherine Hees has been our most frequent player.

A choir was organized this year under the capable direction of our music master, Mr. MacTavish. It has added colour and interest

to our morning devotional period, and once a week the choir renders very beautiful selections, the soloist being Margaret Cameron.

Mr. MacTavish also has a large number of piano pupils, and these, from time to time, play noon-hour recitals; who knows but among us there may be another Rubenstein!



Jan

By JANE MAC TAVISH

Art

During the first term, senior art classes were conducted by Mr. Masson as for some time past. Besides the regular Friday lessons, we had a number of inspiring and instructive visits to the Art Gallery. We also made a trip to Rockcliffe Park where some very interesting sketches were made of the Ottawa River. Marie Nadal, from Haiti, is one of our best senior artists; her pictures in the current issue of *Samara* were done last fall.

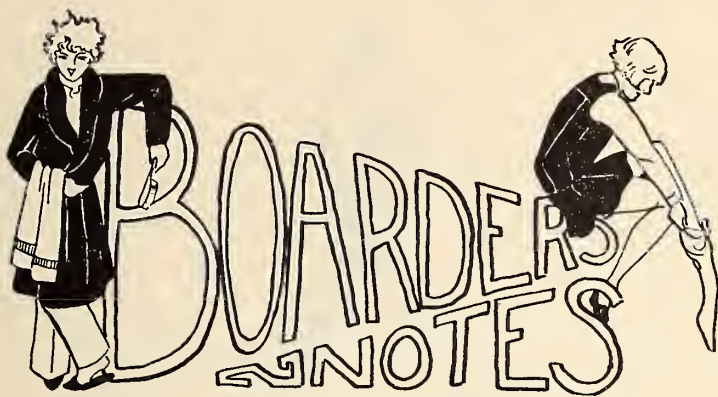
Our art master at present is Mr. Hyndman,

and all the girls taking art are enjoying immensely their lessons in portrait drawing. Portraits are proving quite difficult, but we grow better at every lesson!

Mrs. Amtmann has continued most successfully throughout the year with the girls of the Junior School. Much enthusiasm has resulted in many really interesting pictures, which have been hung from time to time in the "Stone Corridor". Jane MacTavish painted the Christmas scene in the magazine.



By MARIE-JOSÉ NADAL



On returning in September we found little change in the personnel of the boarding house, our only additions being the twins from Haiti and Sally Wright.

Among the resident staff we found a considerable change: Mrs. Graham who joined us from B.S.S., fitted in as assistant headmistress and has proved to be an unfailing friend to us all; Miss Leonard our English teacher; Miss Jessop our gym instructress who has given up much of her free time to take boarders skiing, and Miss Flemington in charge of the Kindergarten who has very kindly spent her Wednesday evening taking handicrafts with the seniors and intermediates. We were also happy to welcome shortly after Christmas Mrs. Kilpatrick, our secretary.

We were again graced with the presence of "Santa" at our Christmas pyjama party. Staff and girls alike joined in the fun of untangling themselves from "a Spider Web"; needless to say all seemed to enjoy their reward—a box of peppermints. We then all gathered around the tree where each received a little gift.

Our thanks go to Mr. and Mrs. Buck for the lively afternoon we spent in the music room, singing carols at which the usual tradition of Mr. Buck's singing "Good King Wenceslaus" was upheld. After a very enjoyable hour's singing, we consumed a lovely tea in which all delighted.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Crawley, a Saturday was spent skiing at Meach Lake after which Mrs. Crawley very kindly invited us to supper. Aside from this, skiing was limited to the park. Skating suffered this winter due to frequent thaws; however, this was made up for by taking us all out to Buckingham for skating one Saturday afternoon.

Square dancing this year took place the odd Friday evening. We seemed to manage quite well under the able guidance of Miss Jessop. Other pleasant Friday evenings were passed by being shown movies and exerting our energy on the horse and rings.

Under Miss Dixon's management concerts were popular this year, especially the Sadler's Wells Ballet for which through much trouble we were able to procure twelve tickets. The biggest to the smallest enjoyed seeing the "Minto Follies", starring Barbara Ann Scott, while even some of our own Elmwoodians were to be seen skating.

Again this year Ashbury dances were of keen interest; there never seemed to be the problem of finding three to go. Our hearty thanks to those who waited up for us.

Looking back over this year we, the seniors, feel that much has been accomplished regarding goodwill and co-operation of all the staff and girls. And it is with very reluctant hearts that we leave Elmwood in June.



Sports Captains 1950-51

School—Diane Boyd
 Fry—Judy Maclaren
 Nightingale—Margaret Boehm
 Keller—Diane Boyd

RETURNING to school after the summer, we were very sorry to learn of the departure of Miss Overall, who had been our gym mistress for the last year, but we were very pleased to welcome Miss Jessop in her place.

Basketball

The sports highlight again this year was our basketball game against Hatfield Hall. Our thanks are due to Senator Wilson and Mr. Thomas who very kindly lent us a car and station wagon for the trip. We played this year at Kingston in the gymnasium of Queen's University. It was a very exciting game, as the two teams were very evenly matched. Even when the final whistle blew, we were uncertain who had won, and we were overjoyed when we found we had, by the narrow margin of 19-15. After the game we took the Hatfield team, as our guests, to lunch at the hotel.

The Elmwood team was as follows:

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Guards</i>
N. Baird—3 pts.	D. Fraser
M. Boehm	L. Jackson
D. Boyd—6 pts.	P. Knowlton
S. DeWolf—10 pts.	S. Macoun
J. Maclaren	W. Quain
	S. Thomas

Another exciting basketball game was the one played against the Old Girls on March 5 in the Ashbury Gym. It also was a very close game and our team was just able to eke out a one point win, the final score being 11-10; although the team was out of practice, they played in good form, as did the Old Girls. The points were gained as follows:

N. Baird—5
S. DeWolf—4
J. Maclaren—2

On October 18 at Elmwood, the Day girls defeated the Boarders by a score of 40-10.

The inter-house matches were played as usual in the fall. Keller was the winner of both senior and intermediate tournaments.

Sports Day

Sports Day 1950 was held on June 5. It was a lovely day and everything went well. The winners were as follows:

Intermediate Sports Cup—S. Thomas
 Seniors Sports Cup—J. Nesbitt
 Junior Sports Cup—J. Kellock
 Preparatory Sports Cup—L. Castonguay
 Inter-House Sports Cup—Keller
 Inter-House Relay—Keller

Badminton

Although the house badminton was not completed when the magazine went to press, the school winners are as follows:

Senior Singles—Wendy Quain
 Senior Doubles—Pat Knowlton and Wendy Quain

Intermediate Singles—Shirley Thomas
 Intermediate Doubles—Eleanor Hamer and Shirley Thomas

Gym and Indoor Games

We have been very busy this year in drill learning marching formations and the Irish Washerwoman's Jig. We have learned exciting new games including "Quarter Deck" which is especially popular among the Juniors.

Skiing and Skating

There was quite a lot of snow this year, and so it was a good winter for skiing. Many of the boarders enjoyed a trip to the Gatineau. There was skating also which was popular throughout the school.

DIANE BOYD,
Sports Captain



Elmwood's Motto

High is our standard of education here;
 High is our roll-call and higher every year;
 High our respect for Mrs. Buck and staff;
 High our sense of humour, making others
 laugh;
 High our rewards in basketball games;
 Highest of the high will ring in all our aims!

SUZETTE DEWOLF, VI Matric
Keller

Senior Literary Section

The River

Dear Marion:

They say you find out something new every day. I often wondered what my grandmother did all day, and today, when my mother and I were hunting through the last of her possessions, I found out she had been an invalid the last two years of her life, and when we moved to our new house up the Rideau River a bit, she slept in the corner room with its huge windows. The view from there was lovely. Granny had always fancied herself an author—she was planning to take up writing when she got old and write a sensational novel. However, she never did get old; yet as she sat by her window all day she wrote down snatches of description of what she saw outside. These are what I found. Maybe she thought it would be published some day, like Pepys, Davy or something, I don't know, but I was never one to disobey the wishes of the departed, so I am sending them to you to see if you think they are worth bothering about.

"December 26: A group of skaters racing and twirling, falling, breathless; and then dashing over the ice as if blown by the chasing winds. The air was harsh, tearing and pulling their bright scarves and streaming hair. The sky reflected the blazing of yesterday, giving only a soft glow. The river was a smooth, grey, cold stone, the wind driving against it, making it smoother and barer, sweeping and whistling across it.

"January 8: Last night the snow fell, gliding silently, covering each filigree twig, weighing down each outstretched pine spray, and covering the wide, motionless river with an untouched, unbroken whiteness. There was no sound, the snow almost flowed, landing gently on the soft drifts. The great patches of it made the evergreens droop, as if sleeping, lulled by the ever whirling flakes, falling drowsily on, and on, in continuous motion. The darkness descended slowly, the whirling

stopped, the lights from the bridge sparkled on whiteness which caught their yellow glow. The air was clear, and from behind the snow-laden trees, I could hear the roar of the city. The bridge's shadow leaned silently towards the house—

"April 21: The mottled grey ice had been swept on by the racing water, the sky had changed, from winter gray, to the pale water-colour blue of spring. The air was steeped in the smell of fresh, brown mud and wet leaves, new buds, and melting ice. The first brownish-green grass was sprouting and the low bushes on the other side were wading in the flooding water; the birds have built a nest outside the window. This is such an exciting spring; everything is in such a hurry! The palest blue was in the water, and the fresh white spring clouds sailed on the ripples. The maple buds flew past the window, on their way to start growing, and the warm yellow sunlight thawed out the frozen ground.

"July 9: It is raining to-day, spattering and splashing against the window in a syncopated pattering rhythm. The sky was washed into the river, the colour was washed from the trees and the ground—everything was gray, everything was wet, the river sloshed and rippled as the sky emptied itself into it.

"August 14: The sun blazed on the water; the heat dulled the brain; the pulsing hum of the crickets made my eyelids droop; the drowsy ease at which the river moved, meandering along, resting in cool marshes, calmly gliding over the rocks, slipping and sliding, dazzled by every beating ray of the sun, made me nod, watching its aimless journey down to the sea, unhurried and calm. It was the lovely strong blue of the late summer, and already the goldenrod was showing splashes of brilliant yellow on the opposite bank. Summer is almost over."

These are only a few. Don't forget to send them back and tell me what you think.

Write soon,

Love,

Jane.

CATHERINE HEES, VA

Nightingale

Followed

Walking home late one night
On my way through the park,
I heard muffled footsteps
Approach in the dark.

I quickened my pace,
But was only to find
I was still being followed
By footsteps behind.

Should I scream?
Should I yell?
Were the thoughts in my head—
No, that wouldn't do,
I might be shot dead!

Summ'ning up courage,
I whirled right around,
Prepared to face danger,
Feet firm on the ground.

"Go away, go right home
And never again
Must you follow me down
Through the dark narrow lane!"

So, turning around
With a sad soulful bark,
The little brown pup
Disappeared in the dark.

WENDY QUAIN, VI Upper
Keller

There once was a baby so pink,
Who said, "I cannot sleep a wink".
"So I'll just take a look,
At this wonderful book;
It'll help me to doze off I think!"

SUSAN BRAIN, IVA
Fry

A Winter Holiday

It was Christmas afternoon; the thrill and excitement of opening new presents and examining them had died down. My young cousins, who were spending Christmas with us, had become tired of playing indoors and wished to try out their new toboggan. I promptly offered to take them to the park which was some distance across the city. My offer was hailed by squeals of delight as they rushed to get ready. I stretched lazily, rose and peered out the window. The snow was whirling down and the wind was blowing hard. It was almost a blizzard. I shuddered at the thought of leaving the warm fireside but nevertheless I went to get ready. I struggled into wet ski-pants and pulled on my tight ski-boots. My cousins, Jill and Bobby, were waiting impatiently at the front door when I went out. As I pulled on my cold, wet mitts, we started off, a seemingly happy trio. The wind was cold and cutting, and as we boarded the street-car I discovered that it was packed with other children who were being taken to the park by good-intentioned parents.

We had to stand all the way. Sleds fell on me, I was kicked and bumped and when we finally emerged I felt as if it was time to go home.

We reached the top of the first hill which I thought looked rather exciting, but I was informed that it was "awfully slow" and only good to practice on. We went down it very nicely except that Bobby fell off before we reached the bottom of the hill. We stayed at that hill for several more turns, until Bobby suggested we go to "Suicide Hill", to which Jill agreed enthusiastically. I consented to go, hoping the hill would not be all its name conveyed. When we arrived, I found it to be quite steep with the snow firmly packed down which made it very fast. By this time I was freezing cold; my feet were like blocks of ice, but when I suggested that I wait at the top of the hill, I was told I was scared; so I had to go down to reassure them (and myself) of my courage. The toboggan was a three-seater which seated two comfortably.

Because I had the longest legs, I was kindly given the back seat. Some joking father pushed us off before we were ready. We slid sideways for a bit, and a sheet of snow rose before us. Gradually we righted ourselves and gained speed. The snow blinding our view, we hit an unexpected bump and I was grovelling head first in a snowbank. I ached from head to foot and I was soaked, as the snow dripped unmercifully down my neck. I shivered and shook as I regretfully regarded the rent in my ski-pants and sucked my cut finger. My two cousins pulled me out of the snow, I assuring them I was fine. I gently suggested however, that we start back, to which, to my surprise, they readily agreed. We started the long trek back to the street-car. We were able to get a seat this time but the tram was freezing and smelled of wet wool and oranges.

Walking up the road to the house, I noticed the warm friendly lights which were so welcoming to the homecomers. We would go inside, remove our wet clothing and lie in front of the warm fire, all the warmer and more delightful because we had been out in the cold all afternoon. We would have some steaming cocoa and relax—a well earned rest. How could I enjoy all this if I had stayed within the comfort of the house all day. It was the coming home that was so nice—and in spite of my torn ski-pants, aching body and cut finger, I found myself saying how lovely it had been.

DIANE BOYD, VI Upper
Keller

Fry House Play

My head was whirling round and round,
Snakes and giraffes were on the ground.

What is that terrible creature o'er?

Oh, I declare it is a boar!

Now what can all these animals be

That in a circle encompass me?

Perhaps if I should give a scream

I'd wake up from this horrible dream!

I rubbed my eyes, and what a day—

Because, my gosh, it's Fry House Play.

NANCY PERRY, VC
Fry

A Trip to Irazu

It was a dreary morning and the clouds hung low over the surrounding mountains as we hitched our lunch bags on our bicycles. We had always wanted to take the trip, but as we started pedalling down the muddy road I wondered if we really should go on a day like that. As we pushed on through the countryside the mud huts lessened and the rain came down in a slow prickling drizzle. Once we passed two gaily painted wooden carts laden with fresh coffee berries and massive bunches of bananas, slowly making its way down the muddy road. The bare-footed men gave us a cheery good-morning and lazily poked the reluctant oxen with their long pointed sticks to hurry them on their way.

Suddenly, as if in a dream, the rain stopped, and the clouds were left behind, and for the first time we were able to see our surroundings. We were riding high on a mountain road carved out of solid rock, and on our left a beautiful panorama unrolled before us like a thick carpet in a mansion lobby. Down in the valley, we could see the quaint adobe huts with their red tiled roofs surrounded by fields of rich green corn; while in the background the tall blue mountains bathed in the warm morning sunshine looked even more majestic than ever.

As we got nearer the top of the volcano, we passed one solitary house, and already the morning work had started and the hum of the busy people sounded everywhere. Women were hanging out the morning wash, as half-naked children waddled around in the red mud. Dogs chased out at us barking and leaping up at us, welcoming the unexpected visitors. In the background men were busy picking coffee off the small green bushes, and as each basket was filled it was dumped into a waiting cart and hauled off to town.

The sweet smell of fresh cornbread came from a primitive outdoor oven as we pedalled down the road, and the fresh dew was sparkling on the trees and grass. We stopped to put on our sweaters, for we were getting

higher and higher, and it was chilly although the morning was bright and sunny.

The road got narrower and the mountain got steeper, and down in the valley the clouds were gathering as if someone had thrown fresh ice cream in the bottom of a big green bowl.

Finally, after hours of travelling, we arrived at the top; a strangely desolate, sandy wasteland. And silhouetted against the morning sun stood a gigantic image of Jesus Christ, with his robes flowing in the wind and his arms outstretched, blessing all the country from coast to coast.

"It's not such a bad day after all!" I thought as I started a fire for our lunch.

ELEANOR HAMER, VC
Nightingale

Hard Hills (*Apologies to Shakespeare*)

To go or not to go,—that is the question,
Whether to try a hard hill and to suffer
When the bottom or middle is reached,
Or to stay at the top and be a coward,
Or by going down to end it all?—to die,—to
knock yourself out.

No more, and then a rest in the hospital to
say we end
The many more days we could spend having
fun
At Elmwood,—'tis awful the thought of it,
better to die—to sleep;
To sleep! perchance to dream without a bell
to wake you up.

For in that sleep of coldness what dreams
may come;
Maybe success on the same hill the next time;
Aw, well, what matters if I break my neck!

JANET CHAPMAN, VC
Fry

L'Haitien

Pour aimer et apprécier un pays il faut connaître et comprendre son peuple, cela est aussi vrai pour les autres pays du monde que pour Haiti. De même que pour comprendre et apprécier le canadien français, par exemple, il faut remonter à ses origines, il faut savoir deux choses au sujet de l'Haitien; son histoire et son isolation dans le monde.

Après que les espagnols aient cédé le tiers de l'île aux français, ces derniers transportèrent des centaines d'esclaves noirs a bord des bateaux venant du Congo. Les colons blancs, dont la plupart étaient des aristocrates capables, provenant des meilleures familles de la noblesse française ne pouvant decemment traiter, leur propres fils en esclaves, durent les élever et les éduquer, et c'est de là qu'est née la classe des affranchis et celle intelligente et instruite du mulâtre. Mendal, le biologiste, croit que lorsqu'on mélange deux races on peut en tirer des individus les plus étonnants, comme par exemple la fille d'un chef Dahoméen et un marquis français peuvent donner un homme très brun de peau, à l'intelligence d'un Talleyrand.

En Haiti vous pouvez trouver une négresse à l'âme blanche, ou une autre à la peau blanche et à la mentalité noire.

Depuis l'indépendance d'Haiti en 1804, ces croisements de races si je puis dire se sont fait régulièrement dans cette île isolée du reste du monde; chaque classe agissant l'une sur l'autre, donnant naissance au fur et à mesure à un peuple différent.

Il y a de la variété dans la race haitienne, les étrangers arrivent difficilement à comprendre comment il se peut qu'il y ait des blonds, des roux, aussi bien que des bruns: des cheveux lisses aussi bien que frisés.

Comme le dit une chanson, "au pays des blancs on voit tous les visages de la même couleur, il n'y a pas de mulâtresse, ni de marabou on de griffone créole pour mettre de la diversité dans les foules."

Je dois ajouter une parenthèse et vous dire que l'haitien a un grand défaut, il se croit sorti des cuisses de Jupiter alors qu'il ne sait rien

du monde extérieur, il est naïf et d'autre part très ambitieux. Seulement, les idées géniales ne durent pas longtemps ou bien ne servent à rien faute de difficultés matérielles ou autre, pour les mettre à exécution. Franchement si l'haïtien accomplissait tout ce qu'il avait l'intention de faire, le pays avancerait rapidement. Par exemple si l'on demande à n'importe quel ouvrier à quoi il aspire le plus, il vous répondra—"à la présidence afin de changer ceci et cela et de faire tant et plus." Malheureusement dans le gouvernement comme ailleurs on a beaucoup d'idées, on parle beaucoup (car l'haïtien est avant tout grand orateur!) et on ne fait rien de tout cela. Pourquoi cette inconstance? Le climat joue-t-il un grand rôle dans tout cela? Je crois que oui car la chaleur a pour effet d'alourdir et de rendre paresseux.

Les haïtiens, peuple charmant et agréable, gai et humoriste, ont leur traditions et des manières qui vous étonneront. S'il vous arrive par exemple de visiter le paysan haïtien vous serez surpris de son aimabilité. Il vous recevra comme un roi. L'hospitalité fait partie des bonnes traditions; le respect des jeunes pour les vieux est inné et la parole d'honneur vaut n'importe quelle signature. A la campagne, les illettrés n'ont même pas besoin de savoir singer leur nom, le parole d'honneur suffit pour l'achat d'une propriété par exemple. L'haïtien est amical et fidèle, toujours prêt à rendre service et ne sait pas refuser lorsqu'on lui demande gentiment.

Avec une nature pareille, un tel climat et de telles facilités comment peut-on en vouloir à l'haïtien d'être naturellement paresseux? Il faut dire qu'il est avant tout sentimental et rêveur, ami du soleil et de la nature, de la musique et de la danse, en résumé un artiste. Avec tout cela un certain bon goût et de la grâce dans les mouvements; en un mot le meilleur des héritages que la France ait pu nous laisser.

MARIE JOSÉ NADAL, VI *Matric.*

Nightingale

Exam-time

Above the quiet crowded room
Doth hang an atmosphere of gloom;
The teacher reigning all supreme—
Triumph in her eyes doth gleam!

Her victims slumping in their seats,
Faces drawn and white as sheets;
Some just sit with glassy stare,
Others fiddle with their hair;

Pen in hand, and life at stake,
Some start writing, some still shake;
Questions which they've never heard
Appear upon the paper, blurred.

Soon the agony is finished;
All their former faith diminished;
As they stagger to the door,
Carefree they will be no more!

WENDY QUAIN, VI Upper
Keller

The Lost Island

Out of the outside world; its clamour and clangour; the dreary streets and barren fields; the hurrying people rushing aimlessly to and fro; oblivious to where they are frantically striving to go; out of all this chaos and turmoil I pass into another world entirely: a dream world of my very own. The path is open to me for I have not forgotten the way to fairyland.

In Winter, when North Wind chases the frolicsome Snow People in front of her; pokes icy fingers down your back; sends chills racing up and down your spine; and takes an unholy delight in whisking your hat off, and blowing it away, shrieking in fiendish glee; then I curl up in front of a cosy fire, and watch the Flame Peoples' futile struggle to leap highest, but only flickering for a brief moment; sending up a shower of bright sparks in a last frenzied effort, then dying out to a glowing coal.

It is then I ride Downwind on the winding path to the edge of a great, wide sea. Then before I sight its golden sands I hear the

sonorous roar of the leaping bar, thundering against the sand as if unleashing some pent-up fury. I stand, gazing out over the white-capped water, with the Wild Wind blowing my locks from my face and rushing past my ears. At last I behold what I have been waiting for: the foamy manes of the White Horses of the Sea; riding on the billowing crests of the waves, and galloping up the sand, their silvery hoofs hardly seeming to touch the ground.

I spring joyfully to the leader's back, (he has a great, gleaming horn projecting from his forehead); and off into the ocean we gallop, manes and tails tossing, feathery hoofs twinkling.

As we leave the shore behind, the surf's resonant melody fades in my ears, and the sea lies quiescent, its brooding tranquility lulling me into a deep slumber; so that when at last I waken, I can discern a faint pencil streak of land in the far-distant horizon. It is my enchanted Isle!

Nearer . . . nearer we come; gliding over the now glassy sea, where mocking sprites laugh in the azure depths, and mermaids comb their hair of fine-spun sunshine, then vanish in a cloud of silvery-green bubbles; so swiftly that you cannot be sure you really caught a glimpse of them after all. As we approach the island, I see the waving tree-tops welcoming me in a friendly salute. The sun shines down upon the white sands; the singing water is shot through with the molten-golden light. The leader's tiny hoofs touch the land, and once more I stand on the shores of my beloved Isle!

Swiftly the valiant little horses dash joyously into the water, their lissom bodies and creamy manes becoming a part of the dreaming sea.

Here I am at last, at Utopia. I run up the beach into the friendly trees; my feet seem hardly to touch the ground. Here only do I know perfect joy and peace of mind and heart. The captivating spell of the island is woven into the very air. Here no base thought or harsh word has any place. Words

are like milky pearls strung on a scarlet cord of vivid fancy.

Truly it is a land of milk and honey; of fleet, fiery steeds, and dogs with friendly faces; of music so heavenly it cannot be imagined; of larksong like an airy, intoxicating wine, for those who listen to the liquid, trilling ditty.

The sun does not always shine, except on the countenances of the people who live there, free from all strife. There are cooling rain-showers that fall like translucent, liquid jewels, that turn to petals the instant they touch the rich, brown earth.

My island is no cheaply theatrical paradise, but an undefiled heaven of blissful solitude. There is a clear, bubbling spring secreted in a bed of ferns, that spills out into the valley, bubbling exuberantly. Day flings a cloud of dark spruce like a scarf across the distant hillsides. A winding, rust-coloured road, full of witchery that mocks and beckons you on at each tantalizing bend, runs over the brow of a steep, spruce-clad hill, then dips down into a sunny hollow, always calling you on. Who knows where it goes? It is the mystery of it that lures you to follow. Maybe it goes to Tir-na-nog, land of Eternal Youth.

All these treasures lie in the dips and rises of my mystic isle; gems for the finding. But if any tainted thought enters the mind of one there, a shadow falls on the island, a thick mist rolls in from the troubled waters of the great sea, and the island melts in the shimmering haze . . . then it is really a Lost Island.

JUDY KELLOCK, IVA
Fry

A Thing of Beauty

*(Apologies to John Keats, and those
who teach us)*

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Even Elmwoodians shall endeavour
To keep their loveliness as it will never,
Pass into nothingness; but they will keep
Some time to play, and space to sleep
And not to think of things too deep.

PATSY KNOWLTON, VI Matric.

Keller

Main Street

Since I lived in a large city, it was a new experience to be staying in a little town with an ancient aunt and uncle. There was not anything interesting to do, so I decided to post some letters at the Post Office

The main street in any small town always seems to be the hub of life there. People gather there to discuss politics, plan town affairs, do the family shopping, or simply to gossip.

Time was not pressing and my errand was unimportant, so I had plenty of time to gaze around me with curiosity. On both sides of the mud road which had been repaired at intervals by blotches of tar, small bright shops lined the street. I looked in the window adorned by a red and white barberpole and saw an embarrassed mother trying to quiet the determined wails of her small son, who looked as if this were his first trip to that hateful place.

The regular tap-tap of a shoemaker's hammer, the barking of an excited puppy chasing his young master, and the chiming of the town clock were only part of the incessant hubbub going on around me. Just then a creaking, groaning cart full of freshly picked raspberries passed me with several children riding bicycles behind as if hoping that a few baskets might fall off.

I had never realized there would be so many small stores in a little town like this, but I passed a bakery, a drug store, a little store where a woman was selling second hand clothes, a small soda bar, a shoemaker's, and then the blacksmith's; but still there were more stores! A general store ran in opposition to all these little shops, selling everything from babies' rattles to black Sunday hats.

Finally the Post Office loomed up ahead of me. It certainly looked as if it would fit nicely in a fairly large city. Perhaps the architects expected this town to increase a great deal; all the fancy stone work on the walls looked out of place with the other buildings. I remembered my letters, posted them, and started home again.

JENNIFER WOOLLCOMBE, 5B

Keller

In the Infirmary

Andrea has just woken up. Miss Tubbs has put her into the infirmary because she is getting a bad cold. She is feeling very grumpy, and this is her conversation with Miss Tubbs who has just walked into the room, carrying a tray with several articles on it.

Miss T.—“Good morning, Andy. How are you feeling this morning? A bit better I hope.”

Andy.—“Good bordig. I ab still a bit stuffy. Cad't I get up to-borrow? Anyway I dod't feel like takig by temperature.”

Miss T.—“Andrea, you—?”

Andy.—“All right,” (temperature taken) “Wat is by temp?”

Miss T.—“It is normal. As I said yesterday, it is just a head cold.”

Andy.—“I asked you before. Cad I get up to-borrow?”

Miss T.—“I don't think so, but we will see. You most likely will only be a bit better to-morrow.”

Andy.—“Dard, but all the sabe, you wad't be able to tell if I will be better to-borrow dow. I wadt sobe breakfast.”

Miss T.—“Your breakfast will come in time, but in the meantime take this citrocarbonate.”

Andy.—“Oh dard! I dod't wadt take it adyway—”

Miss T. (shocked).—“Andrea! please. Take this and get it over with.”

Andy.—“I bight. But as I was saying, that stuff doesd't do be ady good. You can sbell it frob here and it doesd't look good.”

Miss T.—“Andy, you are much too old to act like that. You are just like a baby.”

Andy.—“I ab dot a baby. Ad adyway, if you felt as sick as I do, you woulde't feel very well, ad besides I dod't wad to take that stuff.”

Miss T.—“You must take this medicine if you want to get better and if you want to get up tomorrow and—”

Andy.—“Hod your 'orses. I guess I'll gulp it dowd.” (gulps it down with a face) “What

Photography Contest



INTERMEDIATE SECOND PRIZE
ELEANOR BATES



SENIOR FIRST PRIZE
LESLIE ANNE JACKSON



INTERMEDIATE THIRD PRIZE
ELEANOR HAMER



SENIOR THIRD PRIZE
FELICITY GILES



SENIOR SECOND PRIZE
CATHERINE PRUDHAM



INTERMEDIATE FIRST PRIZE
JO-ANNE DAVIS



bakes that stuff fizz?"

Miss T.—"Now don't ask silly questions. Your breakfast will be up in a few minutes. Remember to keep warm and pull the cover up all over you."

Andy—"Well, how ab I to eat by breakfast whed I hab to have the covers pulled up all over be? Adyway, I'b warb."

Miss T.—"Keep covered up, and don't be so silly." (She stalks out).

Andy—"All right, all right, all right—"

SALLY WRIGHT, IVA
Fry

Ode on Silas Warner

In the stillness and the gloom,
His hands upon the weaver's loom,
He sat and contemplating still,
About the thief who'd done him ill,
When suddenly a ray of light
Came toddling in from the dark night:
An orphaned child with hands so small
Came over to him by the wall,
And led him where her Mother lay
Beside a furze bush by the way.
Sixteen years later, the quarry drained,
Came Godfrey Cass to Silas, pained,
Because Dunstan was the man, he knew
Who had taken Silas' money too;
And Eppie he was there to claim,
To give to her his own good name;
But Eppie did not wish to go,
And that let Silas Marner know
That he was free from any sin,
And God his heart had entered in.

E. S. BATES, VC
Fry

There once was a bunny so white,
Who looked out of his burrow one night.
"My Goodness!" he cried,
"It's freezing outside!"
And he popped down below out of sight.

SUSAN BRAIN, IVA
Fry

Capsizing of the *Pagoda*

The *Pagoda* is a gallant and brave twenty-two foot sloop. On the windiest of days, she is known to sail gallantly about the waters of McGregor Lake.

One fine day, the *Pagoda* and crew decided to go for a sail. (How we christened her, I shall tell you before we sail on any farther. Take the first two letters of these three names, Patricia, Goliath and Damon, which are my name, my dog's name, and my brother's name respectively, and there you have the name *Pagoda*.)

We were progressing with monstrous speed up the lake, when at McKinnon's Point, we made a turn and went roaring off south-westwardly over a series of mountainous waves. With full crew aboard, captain and mate, we took to these rollers as a duck takes to water. Before it was realized, there was a faint lapping of water which seemed to come from a little below us and about the middle of the vessel on the port side, which was the side off the land. Before I knew it, my captain yelled, "Man overboard!" and suddenly I saw that the water had come over on to the deck. I chose the starboard side feeling that it would somehow be safer to be as near to land as possible. We were not, as I thought, sixty feet below sea-surface, but on reaching the surface, I grabbed the gunwhale of the boat; then my captain and I started swimming our ship back ashore. We finally arrived at the dock, after much pushing and shoving. We inverted the *Pagoda* and dried out sails, and then decided that it would be a capital idea if we went up to the kitchen, dried our clothes, and ourselves, and drank some piping hot tea.

PATSY KNOWLTON, VI Matric.
Keller

Un fou, mis en liberté, assis dans un parc public avait l'air très préoccupé à écrire. Un gamin qui l'observait depuis longtemps, intrigué, lui demanda ce qu'il faisait.

Notre fou le répondre: Je m'écris une lettre.

Le gosse interloqué: Mais qu'est-ce que vous vous dites? Je ne sais pas répondit le fou, je ne l'ai pas encore reçue.

The Old Mariner's Tale

"She was a mean ship, really mean". The speaker who was a tall old man with a deeply tanned face, white hair, and piercing blue eyes, paused for a moment and glared around at his audience, as if daring them to contradict him. "The owners, designers and shipwrights determined that she would be the most beautiful, strongest ship ever built. She would outlast any ship that ever had floated or ever would float. She was beautiful, all right, in a heavy, square, lumpish sort of way but she was also the meanest, most unpredictable, most abusive ship that ever floated.

"To begin with she ran amuk on the day that they launched her, and ended up on a mud bar. When they finally got her off she swung round brutally and killed a boat load of small boys who were watching the operations.

"On her first voyage she gave ample proof of her obstinacy and meanness. She ran into a heavy storm in the Bay of Biscay, and shifted her whole cargo of coal over to one side, so that she listed badly, and each wave threatened to overturn her. The crew spent several hours in the hold shovelling coal and as soon as they had finished she began to list to the other side. By this time, the men were too sick to care, so they just let her lie, hoping against what seemed to be the inevitable. Any other ship would have perished in that sea, but not her. She lived to cause a lot more trouble and bloodshed.

"On the return trip one of the young apprentice lads was up top of the mast, making fast some ropes, when out of a blue sky she gave an enormous jump, which made the poor lad fall and hit his head on a block of wood, killing him instantly.

"Even while we were reading the funeral service over the poor boy's corpse, she caused more trouble. She merely decided in the blistering heat, that it was time for the water tanks to spring a leak". He paused for breath, and then continued even more viciously than before. "With most ships you can prophesy pretty well as to what they'll

do in a storm, but not her. She'd ride a storm perfectly well but on the first calm day she would be as hard to handle as if the worst storm in creation were blowing.

"Once she ran head on into a terrific storm. The lightning threatened to tear the murky clouds apart completely, and the thunder sounded like all the lost souls in hell groaning for release. The rain fell so heavily that you couldn't see two feet ahead of your nose, and above the rain, the thunder, and the sound of the waves, rose in wild disharmony the shriek of the wind. We lost all reckoning of time and all control of the old she-devil.

"When the storm had finally blown itself out, the captain found that he was short several members of his crew; the steersman was found a mangled corpse because of the violent way in which the wheel, to which he had bound himself, had kicked.

"When she returned to England, she found a country at war with France, so her owners lent her, by dint of much persuasion and the promise to equip and pay her crew, to His Majesty's Navy.

"In her first battle the old monstrosity was so badly shot up that it was a wonder, and a pity, too, that she did not die, like half of her crew, but through sheer perversity she survived and limped home to Portsmouth, where she was laid up for extensive repairs. By the time she was again sea-worthy, the war was practically over, so the Navy, with a sigh of relief turned her over to her owners again.

"Even in harbour she was a devil. She'd think nothing of breaking even the strongest of cables, or, if she couldn't do that, of breaking the section of the dock to which she was tied. Once loose in harbour, she always contrived to get in among other ships and break them up as if they were children's toys. Even in the most out-of-the-way places harbour masters had heard of her and dreaded the day in which she might appear in his harbour. She was mad, I tell you, utterly and completely mad! Why her owners didn't have her scuttled or blown up, I'll never guess. . . . Unless it was fear of what she'd do even in

death. Or perhaps", he said, as if upon a sudden inspiration, "perhaps they were afraid of what men would say—men who had prophesied, even through jealousy, of her character.

"I remember one voyage, she had a very young captain who got her as far as the quayside with a whole crew, but just as they were making her fast, she broke one of her cables. It snapped back and hit a man square in the face with all the brutal force it could muster. He dropped to the deck, dead and disfigured. She couldn't bear to let even one voyage go by without claiming at least one life, and no man, even when he died, cheated her of her prey, which she claimed with the regularity of a heathen goddess demanding sacrifices. Indeed, some of the more superstitious claimed that she was inhabited by an evil spirit, but not I. She was, I am convinced, mad, and no man shall ever persuade me otherwise, no matter how long he talks.

"You'd have thought that it would have been impossible to procure a crew for her, but sailors are a boastful tribe, and they liked the idea of being able to boast afterwards that they had sailed in her, and had not been afraid. She had a new captain, though, practically every voyage—nobody would command her any longer. The longest time a man stuck it was three trips, and even then it was because of a bet." This was said in an almost triumphant tone, as if it gave proof of the wretched ship's ugly, rotten perversity.

"She never hurt herself though, not more than a slight scratch or two. The wicked never do.

"She had a bad habit of breaking away from tugs, too, and even the pilots hated the sight of her ugly bulk on the horizon, even if she was only passing.

"When she finally died it was through sheer contraryness. She had a cargo of coal which caught fire in the harbour and blew her up. But even in death she caused misery and destruction. She blew up the ship next her and a nearby warehouse as well as four or five small boys and sixteen men. So even in

death the old devil took her toll of human lives, and even at the end refused to be cheated of her prey".

This narrative ended on such a vicious note that for several seconds nobody dared to speak. Then a very small child said, "She must have been awful ugly", and that broke the spell. Chatter was resumed, and forgotten mugs of ale remembered. The old man seemed to feel restive and angry, and, with a disgusted expression on his face, he got up quickly and moved rapidly towards the door, breathing the fresh air deeply.

He hurried along the quayside to a dory, in which were sitting two sailors. He got in with a sharp command, and was rowed quickly to a tall beautiful ship which was waiting with unfurled sails, in the centre of the harbour.

B. BRADSHAW, VC
Nightingale

Elmwood

Het vrouwendom van Elmwood
Gaet gekleed in beige en groen
maar . . . helaas!

Ze hebben geen fasoen
Ze leren Spaans en Algebra
Frans en Matematica
En verder lopen jongens na!!

M. LOVINK, VB
Fry

Skies

Some skies are blue as a robin's egg
On a bright May morning;
Others are dark as velvet,
Bright stars adorning;
Some are blue and crystalline
On a frosty winter's day,
And some are gray and sullen,
Darkening our way.

The grandeur of the blue arch,
The sorrow of the gray,
The rainfall and the sunshine—
Weather is that way!

JUDY KELLOCK, IVA
Fry

Junior Literary Section

Boarding School "Ugg"

Characters:

Sally Douglas—girl of 11.

Lilias Ahearn—girl of 10½.

Miss Hudson—the matron.

Miss Shand—a very strict mistress, but nice.

Scene I is in the bedroom of Sally and Lilias.

It is nearly time for bed. The time is 7.55.

Sally and Lilias are sitting in bed, doing stamps.

Sally: I don't see why we have to go to bed at this hour, the sun has hardly gone down.

Lilias: It's not our fault; it's that matron!

Sally: I know, she doesn't have any feelings for other people.

Lilias: And I don't like these beds either; they sag in the middle.

There is a knock at the door and Miss Shand walks stately in.

Miss Shand: Girls, I have come to read you a little bit of the Bible before you go to sleep.

Sally and Lilias (reverently): Thank you, Miss Shand.

Miss Shand sits down on a chair. She reads a bit from the Bible and then walks over toward the door, and turns off the light, and walks stately out.

Sally (in a low voice): Lilias, shall we sneak downstairs, tonight?

Lilias: Okay, lets go to sleep now and then I'll wake later, about 4.30 (a.m.) and wake you up, then we'll go. Okay?

Sally: Okay.

They roll over and go to sleep, . . . much later Lilias goes over to Sally's bed and shakes her.

Lilias: Sally, Sally, wake up!

Sally rolls over and says sleepily—

Sally: Is it time yet?

Lilias: Yes.

Sally gets out of bed and slips on her

slippers. They creep slowly to the door, open it and slip out. Curtain closes.

Scene II—The downstairs hall in the school.

It is dark and shadowy. There are two little white figures crouched in corner; they are Sally and Lilias.

Sally: Lilias, I don't like this very much, it's too scary!

Lilias (bravely): You're a sissy.

Sally: Lilias, I'm going back to bed, I don't care.

Lilias (scornfully): Go ahead, baby, I'm staying here.

Sally: I don't care.

Sally gets up and moves toward the stairs. Suddenly she trips and knocks over a plant which stands near; it falls with a resounding crash.

Sally (terrified): Oh-h-h-h-h-h!

Lilias (horrified): Sally-y-y-y!

Sally: I'm sure Matron's heard us.

Lilias: Worse than that, it's the Head's favourite plant.

Sally: Oh-h-h, dear!

Suddenly a flashlight comes into view, with a figure like Matron behind. Sally and Lilias crouch into the darkness. Matron searches around with her flashlight. Suddenly the flashlight rests on them and the Matron walks quickly over.

Matron (sternly and crossly): What are you two doing here?

Sally (trembling): I-I-I ddon't kknnow.

Lilias: N-n-neither d-d-o-o-o I-I-I.

Matron: Get right back into bed *now*!

Sally: Yes, Miss Hudson.

Matron: Wait 'till the Head hears about this.

Sally and Lilias: Boarding school—U-G-G-H!

The End.

MICHAL CRAWLEY, IVC

Age 10

My Ball

I have a little ball,
He is not too big and not too small,
He always goes high, never low,
My dear little bouncing ball!

My dear little bouncing ball
Is so very, very small;
He sometimes cannot be found
At all, at all, at all.

L. LANDYMORE, Lower IVC

Age 9

An Autumn Sunset

In the month of August, I was looking out the window at the most beautiful sunset. In it were all the colours of the rainbow. It made me think of harvest food, all ripened and juicy, fruits and grain, and coloured leaves that had just fallen from the trees. The sunset was mostly red and yellow, but there were the light spots of orange and purple. At last, when it was fading away, it made me sorry to think it would not stay.

L. LANDYMORE, Lower IVC

Age 9

Blackey and Jim

Once upon a time there was a big black bear called Blackey. In a field not far away, there was a beehive where Jim, the bee, lived.

One day Blackey the bear, got one of his best cups and went to Jim's house to get some honey. When he got there, Jim was mad.

"Blackey", he said, "what do you want?"

Blackey said, "Could I borrow a cup of honey?"

Jim was so mad that he bit Blackey on the nose.

Blackey looked so funny that Jim laughed and laughed.

Blackey felt ashamed and ran away. He never talked to Jim again, no, never again!

The End.

WENDY BLACKBURN, Form III

Age 8

Spring

The flowers are blooming,
The grass is so green,
The trees are all budding,
So lovely they seem.

Sweet is the smell,
Of breezes in Spring.
The robins, the robins,
How gaily they sing.



SCHOOL CALENDAR 1950-51**TERM I**

- September 12**—School opened.
October 6-9—Thanksgiving week-end.
October 18—Day girls defeated boarders in a basketball game.
October 27—Hallowe'en Party.
November 3-6—Long week-end.
November 7—Admiral DeWolf came to give us a talk on the meaning of Remembrance Day.
November 10—School Remembrance Day Service.
November 16—Six Matric went to see a Spanish play "The Centurion" produced by the Canadian Repertory Theatre.
November 20—Mrs. Wijkman came to tell us about Sweden while Swedish movies and exhibits were being shown.
November 24—Mrs. Buck and Staff gave a reception for the parents.
December 1—Miss Cairine Wilson came and spoke to us on "Save The Children Fund".
December 4—House plays were presented.
December 7—Mrs. Francis Gill kindly came to judge the House Collections.
December 8—Bazaar and entertainment.
December 19—The Junior School presented "The Christmas Story" at our school carol service.
December 19—Christmas holidays began.

TERM II

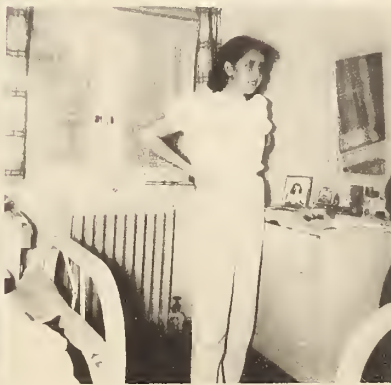
- January 10**—School re-opened.
January 23—Exams began.
January 30—Exams ended.
January 31—Free day.
February 2—School dance.
February 15—VI Matric debated VA on "The pen is mightier than the sword". 5B debated 5C on "Travel is more educational than books".
February 16-19—Long week-end.
March 5—Present girls defeated old girls in a basketball game.
March 9—Ashbury and Elmwood Dramatic Societies presented "Eliza Comes to Stay" at the Little Theatre.
March 23—Easter holidays began.
April 5—School re-opened.
April 17—Final School Debate between 6 Matric and 5B—"Girls' schools are to be preferred to co-educational high schools".
April 27—The seniors presented several scenes from *Victoria Regina*.
May 11—School ballet recital.
May 25—Exams began.
June 4—Sports day.
June 5—Exams ended.
June 8—School closed.
June 12—Senior matriculation exams began.

BOARDERS' CALENDAR

- September 11**—Boarders returned.
September 12—School opened.
September 16—Mrs. Graham and Miss Jessop took a group of girls swimming at Chateau and tea at Honey Dew.
September 17—Went to Cathedral.
September 29—Movies shown in Hall after supper.
September 30—Several boarders went to an Ashbury House Dance.
October 6-9—Thanksgiving.
October 12—Nine girls went to a lecture entitled "There Is No India".
October 14—Boarders all went to "Meet The Wife" presented by the Canadian Repertory Theatre.
October 16—Madame Krupka very kindly escorted several of us to hear "The Little French Boys' Choir" at the Technical High School.
October 18—Boarders challenged day girls to a basketball game.
October 19—First Philharmonic concert.
October 27—Hallowe'en Party.
October 28—All the boarders went to see "Les Sylfides and Capeilla" done by the Ottawa Ballet Company.
October 31—In the evening Mrs. Buck and Mrs. Graham took thirteen girls, having earned their monthly treat, to see "The Happiest Days Of Your Life", followed by ice-cream at Murray's.
November 3-6—Long week-end.
November 8—Several girls went to a Tremblay concert to hear Jan Peerce.
November 11—Boarders all went to Ashbury's Remembrance Day Service.
November 11—In evening, nine girls attended an Ashbury House Dance.
December 10—Seniors attended candle-light service at Ashbury in the evening.
December 17—Boarders' Christmas dinner. Carols were sung in music room followed by tea with Mrs. Buck.
December 18—Boarders and Resident Staff had a Christmas Pyjama Party.
December 19—Christmas holidays began.
January 9—Boarders returned.
January 10—School re-opened.
January 12—People having earned treats went to the movies.
January 13—Everyone went to the Crawleys' for a day to ski at Meach Lake.
January 27—Ashbury House Dance.
January 30—To celebrate the end of exams the boarders went to see "Kim".
February 2—School Dance.
February 9—Group of boarders went with Mrs. Graham to see "The Mudlark".
February 10—All the boarders went by chartered bus to Buckingham to skate.
February 16-19—Long week-end.
February 21—"Minto Follies" starring Barbara Ann Scott.
February 22—Mr. Sybley kindly showed us "Pride And Prejudice" in the Hall.
February 24—Several girls attended an Ashbury House Dance.
March 2—Miss Leonard took three girls to hear Erna Sack.
March 9—Ashbury Elmwood Play.
March 23—Easter holidays began.
April 4—Boarders returned.
April 5—School re-opened.
April 13—Seven girls attended the Ashbury formal.
June 8—School closed.

Exchanges

- Arta Ridleana*—
Ridley College, St. Catharines
- The Ashburian*—
Ashbury College, Ottawa
- Balmoral Hall Magazine*—
Winnipeg
- The Beaver Log*—
Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School,
Montreal
- Bishop's College School Magazine*—
Bishop's College School, Lennoxville
- Bishop Strachan School Magazine*—
Bishop Strachan School, Toronto
- The Blue and White*—
Rothesay Collegiate School, Rothesay,
N.B.
- The Branksome Slogan*—
Branksome Hall, Toronto
- Buckingham Country Day School Magazine*—
Cambridge, Mass.
- Edgehill Review*—
Edgehill, Windsor, N.S.
- Hatfield Hall Magazine*—
Hatfield Hall, Cobourg
- Inter Muros*—
St. Clement's School, Toronto
- King's Hall Magazine*—
King's Hall, Compton
- Lower Canada College Magazine*—
Lower Canada College, Montreal
- Ludemus*—
Havergal College, Toronto
- The Notre Dame*—
Notre Dame Convent, Kingston
- Olla Podrida*—
Halifax Ladies' College, Halifax, N.S.
- Ovenden Chronicle*—
Ovenden School, Barrie
- Pibroch*—
Strathallan School, Hamilton
- The Record*—
Trinity College School, Port Hope
- St. Andrew's College Review*—
St. Andrew's College, Aurora
- The Study Chronicle*—
The Study, Montreal
- The Tallow Dip*—
Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B.
- Trafalgar Echoes*—
Trafalgar, Montreal
- Trinity University Review*—
University of Toronto, Toronto
-
-
-



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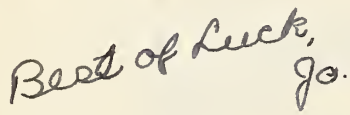
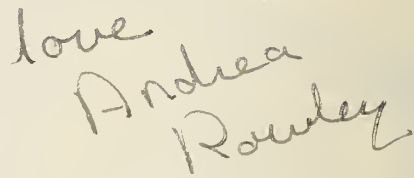


HS 50

Neilson's : they're
: good
: eating!

Autographs

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To "Ball"
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Shoo!



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and my brother
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